I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes,
So bright a Scene of Triumphs riſe?
Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* ſuch Lawrels wear
As Crown'd the laſt Auſpicious Year?
When firſt at *Blenheim* *ANNE* her Enſigns ſpread,
And *Marlbrough* to the field the ſhouting Squadrons led.
In vain the Hills and Streams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow Ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe:
To the rough *Danube*'s winding ſhore
His ſhatter'd Foes the Conqu'ring Hero bore.

II.

THEY ſee with ſtaring haggard Eyes,
The rapid Torrent rowl, the foaming Billows riſe.
Amaz'd, agaſt, they turn, but find
In *Marlbrough*'s Arms a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red Sword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking Heads deſcends;
Wild diſtracted with their Fears,
They juſtling, plunge amid the ſounding deeps,
The Flood away the ſtrugling Squadrons ſweeps,
And Men and Arms and Horſes whirling bears.
The frighted *Danube* to the Sea retreats,
The *Danube* ſoon the flying Ocean meets,
Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA*'s Fleets.

III.

ROOK o're the Seas aſſerts Her ſway,
Flames o're the trembling Ocean play,
And Clouds of Smoke involve the day;
Affrighted *Europe* hears the Canons roar,
And *Afric* ecchoes from it's diſtant Shore.
The *French* unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior take their flight;
Factions in vain the Hero's worth decry
In vain the Vanquiſh'd triumph while thy fly.

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I V.

Now *Janus* with a future View
The Glories of Her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o're *France* Her Arms diſplay,
And Kingdoms now Her own ſubdue.
Lewis for oppreſſion born,
Lewis in his turn ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy Swains
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd for chains.
Others enſlave by Victory,
Their Subjects as their Foes oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

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